

GIM TREE NO. 1

GIM TREE NO. 1

scream!

i'm in saps!

APR 1959



GIM TREE NO. 1

raah!

shriek

APR 1959
hooboy!

DEC 31 1959

yow!

GOSH

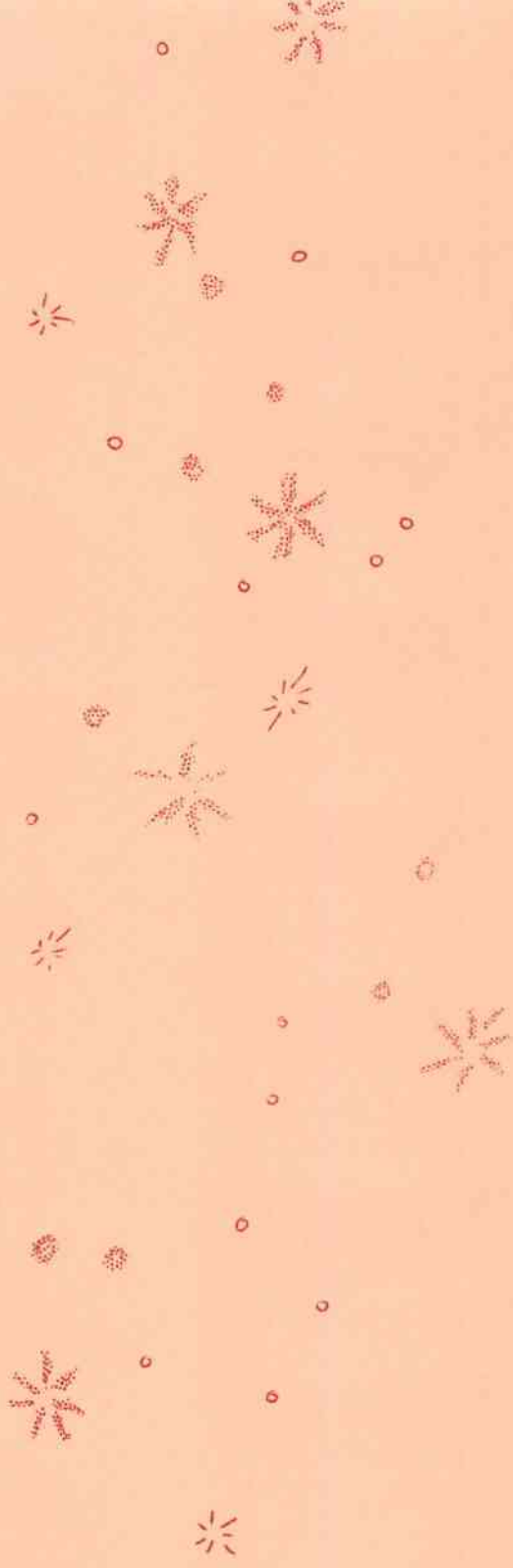
GIM TREE NO. 1

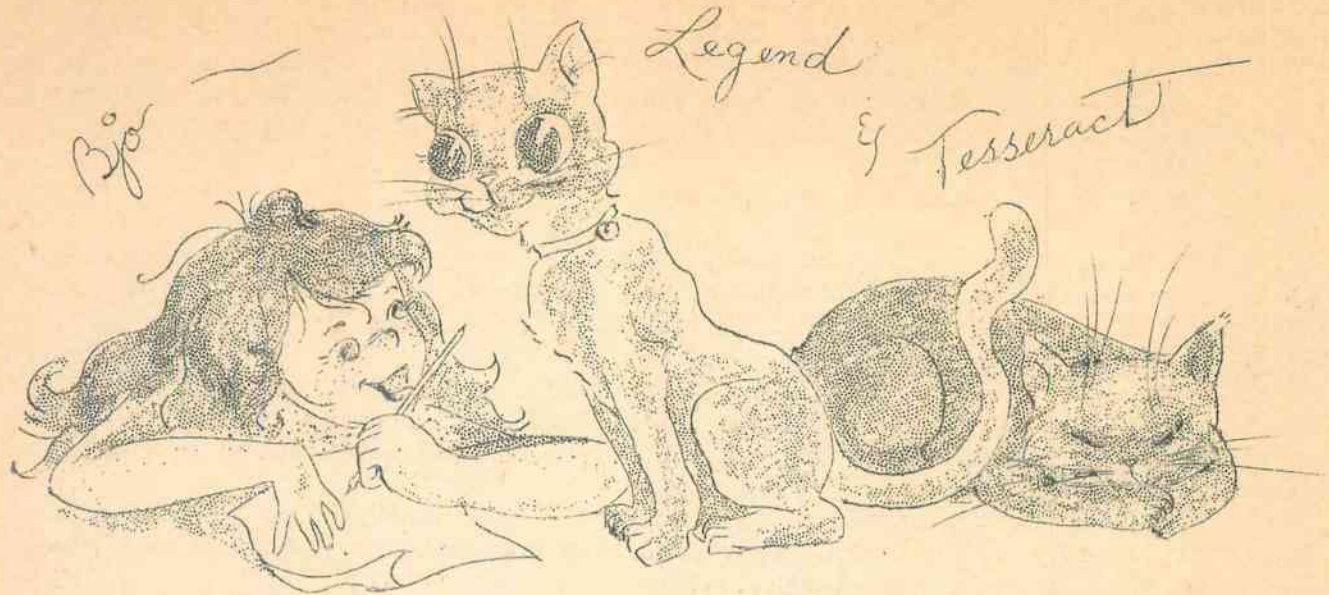
GIM TREE

NO. 1



="now"
what
do i do?





The Gim Tree, a sort of local joke which is fully explained in the next MIMSY, which in its turn will be out in the next few weeks, is a very appropriate title. When you get to know me better, you'll agree.

This is a Twelfth Street Rag, produced and directed by Bjo (who has a last name for officious clods who insist on filling out all the blank spaces), at 2548 West 12th Street, Los Angeles 6, California.

Beside being the secret lurking place of future Twelfth Street Rags, 2548 also houses Zeké Leppin (who owns it), his mother, Dave & Ann Chamberlain, a small but noisy parakeet named Bobby, a grey mouser known as Legend, another (black) cat called Tesseract, four new black kittens, occasionally visiting fans, and one crazy artist. The Half-World also usually has a constant flow of interesting mail, (and males), BNFs like Perdue and Daugherty, authors like Fritz Leiber and Kris Neville, Djinn Faine between engagements, and fun.

 The reason I've never done any fan-type writing, Burbee, is because no one ever asked me to; everyone seems to think that all I can do is cartoon...they're right.

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND, CHARLIE BROWN!

All my friends keep echoing this; so do all my enemies, and sometimes it's sorta hard to tell the difference.....

But fans are still asking me why I am in this T.F.F. thing.

Good question. Very good question. Best question I've heard in years. Too bad I don't have a good answer.

It was a bit more than a whim, but not quite a well-planned venture. It somehow seemed like a good idea at the time.

Still does.

Looks like fun and games ahead, gang, so batten down the Gestetner and synchronize compasses! Here we go again, on the Bjo-go-round in the merry month of Glee! My family could have told fandom that it was dangerous to turn a back to me, or blink when there was an orphan idea around.

So why should a VERY little known fan try for a bit that has been a close contest between very BIG name fans all along?

So why not?

No, I'm serious.

The Fannish was right; I'm doing more cartoons and illos now as a direct

result of the T.I.F.F. campaign. As a matter of fact, I'm doing all sorts of things as a result of this latest of craziest ideas of mine. For one thing, it's something to interest me; which is important for a long, uninteresting, involved reason known to me, my almost-ex-husband, and my only confidante, Teaseract. The same reason (s) are why I have thrown myself so fully into fandom at all; so I'm not just using T.I.F.F. as a therapy.

I'm using all of fandom.

Besides, I like people. And fans best of all.

Also, I love a good contest, with long-shot odds. And I'm the darkest horse you ever saw (the with my freckles, you might call me Apaloosian), but I'll finish the race. After all, I can't do less than "show", and I may even "place", for the egoboo that's worth.

I'm even learning English on the wild chance I win.

"...and if elected, friends and fellowfans, I promise a Gostetner in every Slan Shack, a mug of home brew in every fannish hand but Ronel's, a Blonde (your choice of sex) in every....."

But my worthy opponent (the one I read about in Void) is right; it is unseemly to campaign for oneself. Only a dullard would pick a fight now when everything is going so unfamishly smobth.....

ONWARD! EXCELSIOR!

(a term that always breaks me up because it reminds me of a gift-box full of purple excelsior that I got once. There was also a small tea-pot under the purple stuff...but PURPLE! Boy....)

Great word, tho.

Ronel just offered to put something on stencil for my S.I.F.S. zine, but Steve thinks he's sneaky enuff to put "Terry Carr is a good man" in here somewhere, so I type this here literary gem myself. There will be no "Terry Carr For T.I.F.F." jazz in this zine!

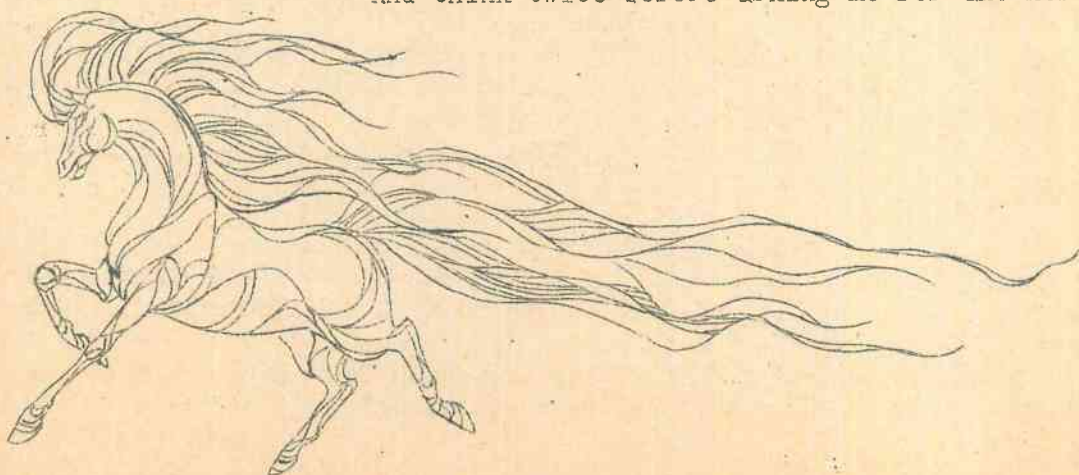
You might at least send Bob Hadle (3608 Caroline St., Indianapolis, Ind.) some money, remembering that a dollar (or fiver) bill is easier to fold than 50¢.

And remembering that "Ejo" uses much less typer ribbon.

So, as John Trimble sinks slowly beyond the stack of newly published F.N.C.'s, we wave "farewell" to the friendly natives of the topic islo-in-time of Zeke's Zoo; breathing a sigh of relief that once more we have circumnavigated a 12th Street Rag without flipping a propeller beanie.

Until next time, keep eating Korn Kobbies, the serial that builds 113 pound weaklings; sending the box-tops to us for your very own Sooper-Doooper Handy Jem Dandy King-Sized Genuine Martian Atomic "Green Zotz" Disintegrator Ray-Gun and Pencil-Sharpener combination ring that fits all fingers. *N*D with a real Secret Compartment! Miss this if you can!

And think twice before asking me for another oditorial!



EVERSURE TO HIS OWIL idiosyncrasies

....as my little sister used to say.....

And a nice way to start influencing fans and making enemies. This being my first mailing comments, they will not be very critical or controversial or like that; mainly because I'm too new at this, and because it's rather like coming in on a great conversation that has been going on for most of the party already. Rather than say "w'od'e'say? w'od'e'say?" like, I will just sorta ramble thru the mailing, and comment on what I am preparéd (by previous experience or opinion) to talk about. O.K.? So you will probably find out more about me than you will about your mailing. ONWARD.....

The Spectator doesn't get commented on because I can't find it, or a LASTSian borrowed it.....

RETROMINGENT ELEVEN F.M. Busby. Since I'm rather fond of fannish poetry, and most especially of fun-fannish stuff; I really enjoyed Martians Chronically and The Twelve Days of Fan-Mas. I'd like to see a Fan's Nightmare song, a la G & S's Iolanthe; why don't you do one like that?

The fem-fannish project you suggested for Elinor would be interesting; a list of the fans she's kissed or been kissed by. How would you arrange a list like that? By conventions, club meetings, parties; or starting with the lnfs and working up the list to the biggest BNF? Sounds like an intriguing idea.....

Information dept: The closet you suggested that Karen might have used for costume changes at the Solacon was full of electrical goodies like cords and spotlights. And if the door was closed, you had about twelve cubic feet of room to move (and breath) in. We looked at it for the fashion show.

CHARLAR # 1 Marty Fleischman. If fans really "dig" artist's notebooks, then my publishing problems are solved! Got hundreds of sketchbooks full of all sorts of things; animals at zoos and Polks' pets, kids, people on buses or parks or doing things, crazy designs, doodlings, cartoons and private jokes, nudes and pin-ups, ideas for stuff like chess sets, costumes detail, toys, ceramics, and loads of fashion and costume designs. Most of this stuff is just for my own use, tho. None of it is finished enuff to present to anyone who isn't interested in rough sketches; but it's an idea.....

Linns are fun, and fill the need to put down a one or two sentence line that is interesting, but which doesn't need a full paragraph to lead up to it. I like most linns, probably because most of my friends speak in linns; mostly fine ones.

CREEP # 18 Wally Weber. Well, yes, Wally, After reading Swampouse Revenge, I can tell that you don't like poetry.

Now that I am the secretary ("... a detective can do without a gat or a bottle, but he's got to have a sexy redheaded secretary") for the local Soames Investigator, maybe I'd better find out more about this Sqink Blog bit. Rich Brown keeps telling me that there are things that redheaded secretaries best never know. He hired me, because I was redhaired, anyway.

BCG # 8 Otto Pfeiffer. Wally's cartoon is cute; and it's so nice to know that you and Wally and Toskey are such G*O*O*d F*I*E*T*D*3 (read an "R" in there, please). As soon as I "catch up" with the conversation, I'll have more to say.

WANSBURROWINGS # 5 Norman Wansborough. Boy, do I envy anyone who travels! Love to hear about other gypsies, and their adventures. I like the nice start of Battle of the Ghods, but you didn't go far enuff into the story before stopping.

DISSENTING OPINION # 5 Rich Brown. Sorry, but you lost me, Rich.

BLOCH Eva Firestone: Did you go thru the adolescent phase of wanting a horse so badly that you seriously considered taking up rustling one? I did, and I sometimes suspect that I've never outgrown it. Your title set me off on this train of thot, of course. I still ride a bit, and have missed country life most of all because of the difficulty of finding good horses near L.A.

Speaking as an artist, I'm glad to see that you like cover illos and comment on them. My writing (and sentence structure, and punctuation) leave very much to be desired, I know; for I write just as I talk. So I will have to use my artwork to make up for it, and this is why you may later see illo'd mailing comments!

If you like to keep track of children's books, try FAINT GEORGE for a wonderful one. And if you like T.H. White-type stories, look up The City of Frozen Fire by Vaughan Wilkins, and The Other Side of Green Hills by John Keir Cross. Lovely fantasies, the both of them, and very good reading for any age.

GIM TREE NO. 1

VONSET # 7 Ray Schaffer. Seeing as how I'm the laziest fan this side (the shady side, you'll notice) of Djim Faine, I'm all for siestas and rocking chairs and like that. The only reason you ever see any activity from me is that I hate to see anyone else being inactive, and so I put everyone to work doing something.

Once in Chicago, I was greeted by a dignified gentleman who kissed me soundly. Seems his little noice was due in on the same bus, and I looked just like her. At least I looked just like the picture of her; one that had been taken when she was about 15, when she was round-faced, freckled, and I did look like the picture of her. When the stacked, good-looking, 22-year-old brunette finally showed, she didn't look at all like her picture, or me.

But I seem to be the object of mistaken identity quite often. John Hilton, the desert artist, said that my resemblance to his daughter was amazing. And a probation officer once asked me if I had been a good girl lately. Seems I looked like one of his charges who had quite a record. I later ran into some of her friends, too, which is a rather long story.

The best way to take care of characters who want you to "guess who they are" is to say, "Of course I know you, you're the guy (gal) I loaned twenty bucks to last year; are you here to pay it back?" Works beautifully.

COLLECTOR # ? Hello, again? (NOW I see why the Spectator! Ah, what an invaluable document that would be, right now!)

The Futurian Society's wonderful constitution is very much like our Sir John Audible's Junior Boy And Girl Bird Watcher's Society of Orange Coast Junior College set-up. Only they said it better than we did. Especially like the "Quorum".

IGNATZ # 12 Nancy (which?) Now I could get into a hassle with a few of you about cats catching birds, and torturing animals, and like that. But seems to me that if it hasn't occurred to you that any bird that is slow enuff to get caught is not very long for this world anyway, then there's not much that could be said to convince you of anything concerning cats.

The Disturbance was a real chiller! I wonder how many horror stories are horrible because they have a tiny bit of something that the reader has experienced.

AGHAST # 7 Bill Meyers. Again, cats. Well, seems I must also say here that if you do not warm toward anything alive, how can you possibly expect it to be friendly toward you? Two of the warmest, friendliest, most un-alooof critters in the state are right in this house. Tesseract and Legend are all over any fan that will sit down long enough to make a lap for them.

The "one-shot" was fun to read, tho it was strange to read of "bopping around" one moment and prosaically playing basketball the next.

About the MC's, I have some comments, so this is comments on comments on how many other comments? ****sigh****

If you like long hair, you'd like the LASFS females. Djinn has mid-back length bright blonde hair, Jill has long ash-blond hair, Eleanor has waist-length brown hair, and mine is mid-back, and red. Auburn.

If you were interested in anthropology in Central America, you'd be interested to know of my "dream-trip" to Mexico to rockhound. Someday, perhaps....

Ekberg has shown as much as Brigitte Bardot, only not in action. This would not do much for Anita. A "big" woman looks good ~~nude~~ when she is well-posed, and sitting/lying/standing still. But only a smallish-type gal who doesn't need much "holding in" with garments can get away with moving around and still be attractive. The big bosomed gals would look too bovine in motion without some little bit of clothing to help keep the superstructure on an even keel, and in place. If you have ever seen a really full-bodied female in a bikini, you know what I mean. BB has enough to keep a bikini in place at a full gallop across the cinemascope, and yet no superfluous inches. She "jounces" interestingly, while a fuller gal would "bounce" and the difference would be perhaps more stimulating to male glands, but certainly American males would never get the chance to find out.

OUTSIDER # 34 Wrai Ballard. Bill Rotsler was here when I was going thru the mailing, so I read the bit about your cow that looked like a WR girl. He said, "That must be Wrai!" and then proceeded to tell me about how he's the fastest gun in fandom as soon as he gets rid of you and Grennell.

The concensus of opinion here about romance in fandom is that all a gal needs to attract a fan is to brew beer like Burbee, cook like Isabel Burbee, own a Gestetner, a car, a hi-fi set, and at least 8 reams of 20 weight paper. That's all. If she looks female, likes the fan, and has a mint collection of ancient pulps, she's IN! I don't brew beer, own a Gestetner, hi-fi set, or old pulps. But I can cook, have \$15.00 interest in a Gestetner, own a \$35.00 car, and 5½ reams of paper. I do just fine.

Marian Lorne is a great favorite of mine only because she is exactly like a Latin teacher I had for two years of high school. Didn't learn a thing, but the classes were hysterical.

now that I've mentioned WRotsler, I have to say that RONEL is here, so is EB RERDUE!!

YCLEPED THE 60th TO 62nd COSMAL SAPSZINE & COSWALZINE #'s 158 TO 160 (**whew!**)

Well, it's interesting to find a 'zine scattered thru-out the mailing. The only thing I can comment on, until I catch up with the "conversations" is about nightmares. Recently read that most people don't dream much and only 5% or so dreamt in color; but the ones who did dream had nightmares fairly often, and the ones who dreamt seldom usually had nightmares when they did dream. What constitutes a nightmare? Something that is personally horrible, I guess, because my nightmares don't seem to bother anyone else. Usually empty spaces and confusing situations.

WELL, as long as I'm mentioning fans, I'll also say that as I'm typing this; Djinn Fa'nc, Jim Caughran, Steve Tolliver, Bill Ellern, Eleanor Turner, John Trimble, Dick Sand, Ann Chamberlain, Ron Ellik and Bjo are in this room. Fannish, aren't we? They are drinking coffee, tea, doing homework, planning a trip to the store, folding, stapling and/or reading FANAC, reading GYRE, writing letters, articles, mailing comments, and explaining to Bill Ellern why FANAC is folded three ways. Busy, too.

THE GRIPES OF RAPP Art Rapp. Robert Service and Don Blandings are favorite poets here. I like your poem.

About your problems concerning Blonde Watchers, Steve Tolliver suggests that you get a new watch or join another society. Steve is a Junior (under 21) Boy Girl Watcher, himself; and quite good at it, too. This I have from such authorities as Djinn, and Jill Vuernhard (both blondes).

So alright, already! What's with all this math jazz? O.K., you guys! Now cut it out! It's very disheartening for a supid-type gal like me to run into such things. I'm lucky to remember how to count to 500 (at least that far, I think) and then I run into little "r" bugs that don't mean "r" at all but "pi" which is silly because even I know how to spell better than that!

FENDENIZEN II Elinor Busby. Cerulean Blue is almost too much for a whole kitchen, in my opinion, but it is a lovely color. My favorite "living with" colors are buff and russet, "wearing" colors are all blues and greens and "designs on paper or canvas" colors are red-oranges, odd (but not muddy) pastels and dark blues. Color makes life worthwhile when nothing else seems interesting.

Lots of legends and myths from different parts of the world are very much alike. The Cupid and Psyche story exists in many variations in almost every ethnic legend fardel I have encountered. Most American Indian legends contains this story, the few Indian legends from the different regions and tribes agree with each other; except the basic earth-formation myth. And the "beautiful moon-maid" bit, which also exists all over the world. Even the South Seas story-tellers mention a sort of Cupid and Psyche interpretation. I can give more info on this, as soon as I look up my old research papers on mythology. One of my favorite Cupid and Psyche variations is East of the Sun and West of the Moon, a beautiful old fairy tale.

THE SATURDAY EVENING GHOST # 5 Robert Lee. Did you ever hear the story about the angel that fell to earth and broke its wing? Seems the folk of the nearby township pounced on the creature, and began asking all sorts of questions. Seeing that an escape was impossible, the angel promised to answer some questions, but warned the townspeople that they would not like knowing the answers before their time. "Tell us about God," the folk begged, and the angel hesitated. They insisted, and so the angel began, "Well, first of all, she's black...."

Give My Regards was very intriguing.

TEDDY BEAR Roger Sims. Do you have that cartoon of you as a teddybear, or do you know where it is now, Rog? I've been wondering if it was really Irene and I who first called you "Teddybear" or had that name come up before? Seems you have a grommish with SAPS, howcum?

Or was that bit about the Detention?

NANDU 21 HI! Will someone set me straight about the Nancy's? That missing phase in history you mention sounds reasonable. There are lots of things that could be better explained if we knew of something like that. Or is that taking the easy way?

MAINE-LAC # 15 Ed Cox. Somewhere in my lifetime of extensive intellectual reading (The Bobbsey Twins Go To a Circus, Nancy Drew Finds True Love, etc.) I read that the reason for the editorial "we" is to make the public think that there were too many of you to pick a personal hand-to-hand fight with. Which. To.

Yes, I do use lousy English, don't I?

Spiders! Yecchhhh! Oh, how I hate spiders! I have an uncontrollable, totally unrational fear of the things. Maybe because I was raised in tarantula country, and have never quite adjusted to the huge hairy beasts. How intelligent are black widows? Maybe it's best that I never know.....

Speaking of alarm-clock radios; I have an individualist in mine. It goes off just any old time it happens to feel is an appropriate moment. Usually about 2:58 a.m. The first few weeks that I had it, I found out such fascinating things as early (2:58 a.m.) disk jockey's sometimes play very loud music like "Sha-boom", and that farmers who get up at 4:45 a.m. find out what time of year to dip sheep and plant things.

By the way, April is a dandy month to plant Hopi Baby Lima Beans. This was indelibly impressed in my memory.

My little niece, Robbie, has a pair of pajamas with kangaroo tail, hat with ears (also kangaroo, I suppose), and a pocket in the front of the pajamas for goodies, peanut-butter sandwiches, dolls, and/or the small stuffed kangaroo that came with the pajamas. She seldom uses the pocket, mainly because she sleeps on her stomach.

Kiddie Tales (no relation to the forementioned kangaroo) were great! **sigh** just love fairy tales with happy endings.....

FLABBERGASTINGS # 9 Burnett Toskey. If Megan needs help in hating Carcone, tell her to come to me. If That Thing drew a picture of me like that, It would be in big trouble, I tell you! And before It takes that as a challenge, remind It that I'll be in Seattle in July, and I'm often quite formidable "person".

You mention the heat in California; well, Tosk, I liked all two weeks of summer that Washington has. Sorry, but I can't even stand Northern Cal because it gets too cold. Of course, I find nothing wrong with 95 to 110 degrees of heat out on the desert. But rockhounds have to get used to that sort of thing; whereas cold weather is usually not suited to mineralogy, since snow slows the job down somewhat.

Your study of walking is interesting, but I hardly agree with "normal walking" including walking (pushing, staggering, jumping) thru underbrush and climbing (struggling, clawing, sliding backward, gasping) uphill. You have never been shopping with a woman if you call that "normal walking". You list a walk (# 7, the Wheel Walk) as being for men only, but offer no study of women's particular walks. Such as the slink, bounce, jiggle, glide, and the peculiar "trot" that women call running. How 'bout all that? Seems that a male would know more about it than a woman, too. I'll illo it, if someone will write it.....

My, you have big SAPSzines!

MEGANOTES # 2 Megan Sturek. The differences in people and fans always intrigues me. Now I love to move and travel; and airplanes are perfected enuff for me to enjoy them anytime I can go upstairs. The first plane I ever flew in was an old double-winged Army Air Force basic trainer. It was like flying in a hand-made Tinker Toy kit, but I really enjoyed myself.

The gentlemen rock 'n' rollers would be a good story basis; try a short short with this idea.

POTPOURRI 4 John Berry. Bargaining for farcs on a touring bus tickles me. It's fun to go to Tijuana (just across the border in Mexico from San Diego) and bargain with the natives. Sometimes it gets good enuff to attract a small audience, with kibitzers on both sides and congratulations when a deal is finally made. Most of the Crazy Americano Touristes (spoken in one phrase, like "Damnyankces" or "Lumpy Couches") don't have the sportsman-like attitude of horse-trading and arguing necessary for this game. But the Mexicans love it, and think we're very dull when we pay the first price asked for an item. Do agree with you about tours, tho.

I don't know how old Rich Brown is, but he certainly doesn't seem like "son" to me; but maybe that's just me.....

I'd love to read your bit on women's fashions, since I fancy myself somewhat a designer.

GHU SAPLEMENT # 38 and whom are youm? "...and such things, I suppose, make romance". I like that, from More Poetry For That Girl, and the rest of the poem, too. But somehow that particular line strikes my fancy, and my own limited knowledge of such things is like that..."such things..." Yes, I like it.

Discussions on music are usually 'way over my head, mainly because I can't remember which of those 2nd, or 5th, or 7th movements or C majors or such that I like. It's discouraging to try to remember all that and the long Russian names, too. I do like music, tho I'm a clod about the finer points?

SPELEOBEM # 2 Bruce Pelz. I'd like to hear more about just what works (?) of Disney's you consider a waste of time, and/or ones that were not. Disney is not my hero of artists, but I do admire a man who can ask for thirteen million dollars from the Bank of America and get it! B of A is still holding a grudge against me for a lousy 20¢.

When you talk of cats only liking to be stroked, better qualify it; Legend loves to be thumped soundly on the sides, like a dog. He doesn't respond to like petting, but will purr loudly when Ronel wallops him with an open hand. Of course, he's a crazy cat (both of 'em).

"Onward" happens to be a favorite expression with me, too.

Atrocious Stories were horrid puns! Anyone who writes such things ought to be commended, and then shot!

SPELEOBEM # 2½ Thank for the words and music to Green Hills (can I have a copy, as this one belongs to Ed Cox?). Could you find the music to Thunder and Roses? I heard Ted Sturgeon sing it at the Chicon, and it was beautifully done, tho he had a cold at the time.

Charge of the Anti-Rock Brigade. hah! Yes.

NEMATODE TWO Bob Leman. Aren't nematodes tiny pests that plague African Violets and other potted plants?

To take care of your controversial comments:
-----Shredded wheat is K rations for cows: corned flakes are good ONLY for putting in other kids' bedrolls at summer camp.
-----Mt. McKinley is exactly 20,310 feet and 17 inches high; and don't argue with me about it, because I'll make up statistics to prove my point.
-----If your tredger has lost its arbs, you can substitute vrotelled phrenes until the repairmen arrive. (handy home advice courtesy Auntie Bjo's Lovelorn, Handy-home Hints, Babycare, and Legal Advice column)
-----It is Mrs. Klindy Venoma Dreap, droop!
-----say, you're right-----

*Open letter of advice to a young girl
about to join SIPS*

My deah,

It has reached my ears that you are shortly contemplating joining the SIPS organization, and, with the vast experience of three mailings behind me, I feel that it is only right and proper that I should take this opportunity of expressing myself rather forcibly on some major factors which will undoubtedly influence your enjoyment of this superb outfit!

During my tenure in fandom it has oft been expressed that SIPS is the 'little sister' of the apas. Take it from me, my deah, this is a complete fallacy. SIPS is quite easily the most fruitful of the apas --- one has only to scrutinize a SIPS mailing to appreciate the complete diversity of personalities included in a 35 membership.

To my mind, the biggest thing in SIPS (not including FL.BBERG.STING) is the Mailing Comment Cult.

To orient you, deah, I must explain that when I wormed my way into SIPS a year ago, I expressed an opinion in print that mailing comments on mailing comments could be only a retrograde step. I was, in fact, a confirmed Anti-Mailing Comment Addict. I made my stand, and several SIPSites stood resolutely behind me, rallying to my maxim Thou Shalt Not Excessively Comment On Comments.

Then, deah girl, the SIPS Psychological Warfare Department (headed by veteran Wrai Ballard) geared itself into active-service footing, and by a subtle hint here and brutal rejoinder there, gradually brought me round to their SIPS philosophy!

I just cannot describe to you the fantastic delights to be obtained from really long and detailed Mailing Comments. I publish a separate Mailing Comment issue of Pot Pourri now -- oh, eight or ten pages, and I feel dedicated about it. You see, in other apas one gets Mailing Comment on Mailing Comment, but in SIPS one gets Mailing Comment on Mailing Comment. This obvious distinction has gradually dawned on me, and, to be frank, the final jolt of realization came when I chanced across the now classical expression in a mailing comment "---- a couple million hard grunting bats." When I read that, my deah, and found I appreciated its powerful message, I know, I really know I was a S.I.P.

So don't be afraid to spend pages and pages on comments. They love it in SIPS, and when I say 'they' I mean 'me', because I'm one of them and you are too now, and you'll love it!

There are, as I previously hinted, some characters in SIPS. One individual seems to have an affinity for teddy bears (which I find very difficult to explain to my friends), and this individual also experiences difficulty in maintaining his minimum page requirement.

You may have heard of Bob Leman, my deah. Beware of this man. His vile influence in SIPS is already making itself felt. Do you know that he has actually the audacity to use complicated words in his SIPSine NEMACODE! One word, 'sesquipedalian', affected me so deeply. I even wrote it down instead of my name when applying for a driving licence. Leman is merciless in his campaign to bring SIPS up to the level of a quarterly supplement to Websters Dictionary. Fight against the trend with every fibre in your body. In starting a campaign to 'Make Leman Put A Glossary in His SIPSine,' and our registered motto is, "If two-syllable words are good enough for Berry, why not Leman too?" Send me \$50 and you can carry the banner.

Burnett Randolph Toskey will come as a distinct surprise to you. There is nothing else like him in the apas. This boy is KEEN. Whilst the rest of us struggle to get a dozen pages in each mailing, Toskey happens to slip in a mere 26-pager, and he apologizes profusely for his FL.BBERG.STING being so small. He normally averages around the half century mark. Don't try and emulate him, honey, there is but one Tosk.

I take it for granted you've never heard of Squink Blog? No? I thought not! Don't worry about it -- you'll soon be meeting him (or her) in CREEP, published by Wally Weber. Blotto Otto Pfeifer is the author of a fabulous serial story revolving round the mysterious Squink Blog, who is relentlessly tracked down by Soames and the Goon. Don't feel inferior if you can't follow the plot or keep track of the clues -- neither can Otto. Its great S.F.S. entertainment, though.

You will undoubtedly be thrilled to be in S.F.S. when I tell you that the famous feminist character and artistic genius ESMOND D.D.B. is also amongst the clique. I know your chest will swell with pride when you digest this fact, and so it should.

Your sex is well represented in S.F.S. -- there are probably more females in S.F.S. than in any other of the apas. Take a look at those ladies ... Nan Gerding (NANDU) ... Eva Firestone (BRONC) ... Nancy Share (of IGNITE and Hard Grunting Bat fame) ... Elinor Busby (O.E. and FENDERZINE) and Megan Sturek (LEG.NOTES). Personally I think it is a good thing to have females in the organization -- not too many, mind -- and I think you will be an asset and I look forward with great interest to your publication.

I am given to understand you are a very talented artist, in fact, I know you are because I've had the great pleasure of committing one of your illos to stencil just recently. In S.F.S., I must warn you, we think a great deal of L. Garcone. This boy is the last word. The superb way his little thin wavy lines represent things is almost unbelievable.

There are some beautiful items in S.F.S., dear... beautiful in appearance, I mean -- because neatness appears to be the unconscious desire of each of the members. I got the impression that each and every member (and this definitely includes me) makes it a top priority job (its not a job, its a pleasure) to make sure that he or she is suitably represented in each mailing.

Bear in mind, my dear, that I've only tried to give you an overall review of the pleasures to come. There are lots of S.F.S.ites I haven't mentioned so far -- John Davis (a classical music lover) with CHU SUPPLEMENT ... Bob Lee and his cleverly titled S.MERDLY EVENING GHOST ... Howard (of the Big Heart) Devore's COLLECTOR ... the Fabulous Arthur RIPP ... Buz Busby, intellectual supreme and, like yourself, a budgie onthuas, with his impeccable RETROMINGENT ... Ray Schaffers VONSET ... Bill Moyer's solid ANIST ... bearded Bruce Pelz and his unconventional SPELED BEM ... etc. ... etc.

I must tell you about SPECT FOR. This is the guiding light of S.F.S. ... the Beacon ... the overwatching authority presided over during the 1958-59 period by the two Busby's. Everything you need to know is in it, set out in a clear and concise manner ... beware, dear, beware of the Toilet Roll ... to appear on this is rough.

Finally, I must say how nice it is to have you amongst us. Your unusual artistic talent is most welcome, and will provide a spur to Garcone and urge him to even greater heights.

One more thing... have you sent your two dollars???

John Berry

One thing I've discovered about S.F.S. is that the members are really grand fans. As soon as the local S.F.S. men knew that I was in, they all contacted me to make sure that I had a mailing to comment on. It was very heart-warming, and my sincere gratitude goes to Rich Brown, Jack Harness, and Ed Cox (whose mailing I used) for their thoughtfulness and kindness. Thanx are also extended to the Busby's who gave advice and suggestions that were gratefully accepted. Makes a gal feel like she's wanted, like. Thanx even to Djinn for her typer with the fouled-up "I".

* * * sigh * * *

...so this is SAFS!



Bjo